

## the Maniac and the Golden Boy by hoppnhorn

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**Summary:**

Billy needs a *release*.

## the Maniac and the Golden Boy

### Author's Note:

lots of love to [@usstrashbarge](#) for dealing with my nonsense while I wrote this and inspiring me to continue. <3

He's called the Maniac.

It'd started as a nickname. A silly thing someone yelled during a race when he was twelve.

It stuck.

He's *earned* his title. The name Billy Hargrove became synonymous with *nutcase*. But in all the best ways, really.

He keeps the rep by riding his ass off every single day, breaking bones and sporting bruises for his efforts. He leans hard and pushes until the machine beneath him *struggles* to keep up.

He's also kept his reputation healthy by starting one too many brawls in the middle of a paddock.

It's not something he ever seeks out. But shitty fans have a way of showing up right when he doesn't need to hear that he *rode like a bitch*.

So he throws punches once in a while.

Never in uniform. But that doesn't matter much.

It's how he's wound up on the front pages of sport magazines, knuckles covered in fresh scabs.

It's also how he wound up with endorsements for companies like Monster. Budweiser. Calvin Klein. Puma.

*Trojan.*

It's not rocket science.

Bad boys are *hot*. Bad boys sell condoms, booze, and underwear like hotcakes. And his underwear ads are nothing to sniff at.

They've gotten him so famous, people are flocking to his races just to *look* at him. The sport is taking off in the states, catapulting him onto celebrity watch lists and talk shows. Shit that very few riders before him have experienced.

The Maniac, Billy Hargrove.

His image says things to people. *Party like a bad boy. Wear this and women will want you. Have lots of sex, like Billy Hargrove.*

Problem is, Billy Hargrove hasn't blown a load in nearly a week.

And it's really starting to grate on his nerves.

The Maniac needs a *release*. In the most *literal* sense.

Losing to Harrington, again, doesn't really help matters either. Not when he'd been so close to winning he could smell the trophy underneath the stink of rubber and sweat.

He's got a rage boner the size of his forearm when he gets off his bike, too pissed off to try and hide the way his blood is filling him out, obscenely fattening his cock in his leathers. A can of Monster is shoved into his hand and he tips it back, guzzles it down and lets the stuff drip down his chin, cold on his neck and down chest.

The stuff tastes like trash, but he's gotten used to pounding the sickeningly sweet taste for the sake of cameras. Besides, they don't pay him to *like* the stuff. Just drink it in front of thousands of stupid people with expendable income.

The same way Harrington is sipping on a Red Bull as cameras crowd him.

Billy crunches the Monster can in his fist, tosses it over his shoulder as he's led to his first interview. He *wants* to walk over to Harrington and give him a little slap on the cheek, congratulate him with a lick

to his sweaty temple.

He has to shake his head to keep it on straight when a fresh gush of lust pulses into his dick.

He needs to *get laid*.

It's becoming an actual *problem* at this point.

But it's been two weeks since Steve had wandered into his trailer and declared his mutual desire. Oh so *eloquently*. And ever since then, Billy hasn't wanted anyone else. Can't settle even for a quick handy in the bathroom with a slutty fan.

Not when he has Steve Harrington telling him he wants to *fuck*.

Billy grins like a barracuda at the memory.

The guy had been pretty sloshed, sure. But if glances are any indication, Steve hasn't changed his mind.

If anything, the booze probably only loosened the Golden Boy up a little. Got him out from behind his mask.

A mask Billy plans on ripping to shreds.

With his *teeth*.

As he contemplates shouting something over the noise to Harrington, Billy catches a glimpse of Nancy Wheeler, reaching over the press barrier to wrap Steve in a tight hug.

And all the pleasure in his gut, all of the happiness on his face, is gone in an instant.

He has a mask too. A good one, and it slides into place as Steve's girlfriend kisses him zealously, her arms tight around his head.

It's a good *show*. One that portrays nothing but admiration and love for her champion. Billy wonders if she practices in a mirror.

Because he's seen what their relationship really is, when no one's

looking.

He's seen more genuine affection between strangers.

But in front of cameras?

Nancy is the love of Steve's life. And they're happy.

So *goddamn* happy.

He has to turn away before he's caught staring. Not that anyone would notice *him* looking on during such a stellar performance. The media is all lights, camera, action on the moment.

Because the Golden Boy always kisses his sweetheart after he wins a race. It's his *brand*. The all-American boy from Indiana, a rising star, with his little woman at his side.

Billy has a bitter taste in his mouth when he faces the first reporter.

He blames the Monster.

When he was sixteen, his father had given him a Nokia cell phone to use in case of emergency. More than anything, it was an excuse. An excuse to hit harder when he was late, when he didn't answer.

When he didn't *win*.

It's funny how his father had once held a twenty dollar phone over him like blackmail. Used it to hold him hostage in his own skin.

Now?

He makes more money in an hour, with a story on Instagram, than his father did in a week. Maybe even *two*.

All he has to do? Put on a pair of Nikes before he videos himself lifting shirtless at the gym. He doesn't even have to *sweat* for it. Just flex a little, show off the only *good* thing to come from his genes, and

wink in the mirror.

He has enough hits to pay his rent before lunch.

It's criminal. But, then again, it's all temporary.

He's not an *idiot*.

Unlike his old man, most of Billy's money is squirreled away. Far away from Neil and his spending habits and back alimony. He knows he can't race *forever*, despite the fact that he would *try*.

So he makes the stupid thirst-trap videos and posts selfies in clubs and restaurants. He uses his fame to influence the masses and fatten his checkbook.

Because one day, no one will care about Billy Hargrove anymore.

He'll just be a name in a list of hundreds.

Forgotten. Old news.

But today?

Today, he's pouring champagne down his bare chest at a hotel pool, hollering at the top of his lungs because he'd made podium. Third place, out of almost thirty.

It's not *first*, but it's not *seventh* either.

And he'd felt like a goddamn *god* standing on the platform, getting a heavy, metal trophy handed to him.

It's almost two in the morning but the party is just starting. Or starting *again*, if you asked the right people. The excitement at the track had migrated to the hotel. Which had turned into a dinner at the five-star restaurant downstairs, which had turned into drinks at the bar.

Then finally into a party up on the rooftop pool.

Because he's *the Maniac*.

And despite being utterly exhausted from a day of sitting in the sun and playing nice in front of the press, he's got a show to put on.

A show that's getting him *mad* likes on Insta, especially when he started taking wet, shirtless pictures. But he's not really paying attention to the likes blowing up his feed. Or the texts. Or the phone calls.

He's really only paying attention to Steve Harrington's feed. His *one* post.

A simple picture of the Golden Boy on the podium, holding his first place trophy over his head with a *huge* grin on his face.

The caption is forgettable, a quick message of thanks and some dumb emojis and Billy wants to unfollow him for it. It's so *humble* and annoying.

But he *envies* it.

Enviies *Steve*.

Wants Steve. More than the dozens of people milling around him at the pool. The people who smile at him and buy him drinks and kiss his ass. The people who like The Maniac.

Not Billy.

Not really.

Maybe it's the champagne, or maybe it's the sleep he *needs* but isn't getting, but Billy buckles and sends a quick message. Just one. Nothing *important*.

"Hey."

He regrets it the moment he sends it. But what's done is done and he can't *undo* it, so he tries to forget it. He drinks another massive glass of champagne and lets a girl sit in his lap while some *dude* tells him a story about the race he was *in* while he pretends to listen. And all the while he's not thinking about his phone in his pocket.

Not at all.

After an hour he slips away from the party, trying not to think about how the name *Harrington* hasn't lit up his phone since he sent that one *stupid* message.

Trying and *failing*.

Until suddenly, as he's weaving down the hall in nothing but lycra briefs and his *skin*, he runs smack into Harrington.

*Steve*.

Who stumbles back and sputters with surprise and maybe a little disgust.

"You're wet!" He announces, loudly, plucking at his shirt as if Billy *soaked* it with a mere glancing blow.

The thing is practically *adhered* to Steve's chest.

But Billy doesn't notice.

"I was in the pool." He states, a little drunk and a lot *off guard*, as he stares unabashedly at Steve's body. "You're sweaty." He points out, using a half-empty bottle of champagne to gesture at the entirety of Steve's figure. From his long brown locks to his black gym shorts and Under Armour shoes.

And, *really* , who has Under Armour *shoes*?

"I went for a run." Steve is grinning now, aware of the situation finally. He's sober and Billy is *far from it*. He's *tanked* from guzzling free champagne in a lame attempt at burying the overwhelming feeling of *neediness* that keeps crawling up his spine.

Plus, he's just horny as fuck and *apparently* abstaining until he gets what he wants.

And it's not helping that what he wants, *who* he wants, is standing



right in front of him. In a practically see-through white cut off shirt over his gleaming skin.

Just, staring at him. Sweating, panting and grinning.

“The gym is closed.” Billy slurs. He aims for sounding bratty but winds up sounding smashed. Steve arches a brow.

“So is the pool.”

*Touche*, honestly.

“They made an exception.” He says with a smirk. One of his million dollar smirks that says *I do what I want*.

“Of course they did.” Steve’s eyes track the bottle in Billy’s hand. Licks his lips like he wants to ask for a sip. But he doesn’t.

Billy tries not to think about that afternoon, when he, Harrington and Russo had stood on the podium, accepting their trophies. Tries not to think about when they’d been handed oversized bottles of Freixenet and proceeded to douse each other in the bubbly, dry Spanish cava.

He’d wanted to sip the stuff from the dip of Steve’s collarbones. The temptation had been *horrible*.

“By the way, I never got to offer my congratulations.” Billy says, sauntering closer until he can smell Steve’s sweat. He’s aware that he probably smells like the cigar he’d had in his mouth for an hour, and the booze he’d dumped all over his skin, but he isn’t worrying about *his* state. Not when the perfume of Steve’s body is filling his head with dizzying excitement.

He’s bone hard in his little swim shorts.

And doesn’t care who sees it. Specifically Steve.

In fact, he *wants* Steve to see him filling out for him. Wants him to know just much he *craves*.

“Thanks.” Steve is grinning. “That’s nice of you.”

“I didn’t *actually* congratulate you.” He snorts. Inches even closer. He can see the shadows under Steve’s eyes.

It’s almost four in the morning and the guy was out for a *run* when he should have been in bed.

Clearly.

Billy doesn’t realize he’s stroking the pads of his fingers across Steve’s cheek until the guy closes his eyes. Leans against his palm.

He breathes, eyes locked on the soft pink of Steve’s lips. Two, parted little petals. It takes just a slight duck of his head for Billy to press their mouths together.

Instantly, he’s ditching his bottle on the floor, never breaking the kiss. He wouldn’t *dare*. Plush and so warm, Steve is the best first kiss he’s ever had. It would take *a lotto* pull him away from the sweet taste of Steve.

He moans when Steve opens his mouth and licks between his lips.

“*Steve.*”

To the world, he’s sex-crazed, hot-blooded. He symbolizes the raw side of life, the impulsive and destructive.

But in a hotel hallway in the early hours of the morning, Billy is putty in Steve’s hands. He lets the Golden Boy back him up against a wall, slot a leg between his thighs. He moans as Steve holds his head in both hands, makes love to his mouth with teeth and tongue.

Then and there? He’s not the Maniac.

He’s just Billy.

And Billy is unmade. In a matter of moments.

“You’re so drunk.” Steve giggles after a while, pressing his forehead against Billy’s temple. “I’m taking *advantage.*”

“Fuck off.” Billy snorts, his head meeting the wall with a muted

*thump*. "I'm not some slutty groupie."

"That's for sure." Steve brushes his nose across Billy's cheek. "You're my big, slutty competition."

Of course, he's referring to the resting place of Billy's thick cock, trapped between their bodies. To make his point, Steve shifts his weight and Billy swallows, throat tight as he holds in another *pathetic* moan.

He's going to make a mess.

For some reason, he's completely okay with that. He feels no shame in coming in his shorts like he's fourteen. Not when it's Steve Harrington getting him there. Not when he's dreamed of being kissed and touched like this by *Steve* for so *long*.

"You were incredible today." He says softly, rocking against Steve's hip with sinful little curls of his spine.

The smile on Steve's face is radiant. And cocky as fuck.

Billy's pulse *throbs* in his balls.

"You led for almost a third of the race." Steve purrs into the corner of Billy's mouth. Kisses him there. "Too bad you picked a soft tire."

He jolts back, smacks his head on the wall a lot *harder* than he'd intended which startles them both.

"I didn't *pick* a soft tire." Billy snaps.

Steve's face softens to something sympathetic and teasing.

"They *made* you use a shitty tire?"

"I was *told*."

The chuckle from Steve's throat is dark, almost *mean*, and Billy shivers in his hold.

"You're the Maniac." He hums into Billy's neck, licks over his pulse.

“No one tells you what to do.”

“Tell that to the crew chief who put a soft front tire on my bike when the track was 116 degrees.” Billy groans. “I could barely make a *turn* by the last lap.”

“Yet you came in third.” Steve whispers into the shell of his ear, laves his tongue over his lobe. “You made me *work* for first.”

Which is just *ironic*, seeing as Billy is practically whining with every move Steve makes against him. Like a bitch in *heat*. Steve isn’t even trying and Billy would give him *anything*.

Out in the open in a hallway. He’d drop his shorts and let Steve have him then and there.

He’s that desperate.

That *primed*.

“I always make you work for it.” He *lies*. Steve’s palm slides between them, finds the head of Billy’s cock in his tiny, *tiny* trunks and rubs it with his fingertips.

“Do you?”

The answer is *yes*, but it’s also a solid *hell no*. Not when Steve’s got him suspended in pleasure, his insides quivering with delight as each touch brings him higher.

He’s going to come. From just a little bit of teasing and the promise of more.

It’s pretty *pathetic* actually.

He’s had sex for hours before, going and going until he couldn’t stand holding off anymore. But this? This is *sad*.

In under a minute, Steve has him shaking. Needy. *Dying*.

“I seem to remember you being oh so *happy* to get on your knees for me.” Steve teases against Billy’s cheek, his breath warm.

Billy recalls that day too. Recalls how fucking *hot* Steve had looked, face flushed and mouth open as Billy swallowed him down. He can still recall how Steve *tasted*.

"I don't remember you complaining." He breathes, gulping as his body shudders. Every nerve is firing, lighting him up like the fourth of July.

Steve senses it. He leans in close, strokes faster on the head of Billy's cock, and kisses him.

Billy's coming when his mouth opens and Steve claims it. He's filling his shorts, a telltale wetness growing on his leg, before it trails lower.

Dripping.

He's leaking under the hem of his trunks, come sluggishly running down his thigh. When he looks down, catching his breath, Steve is looking too, smearing a fingertip in the milky mess.

"You're so *fucking* hot." Steve suddenly proclaims, eyes locking onto Billy as he captures his lips in a bruising kiss. "I want you *so bad*."

It goes without saying that the feeling is one hundred percent *mutual*.

"Come back to my room." Billy whispers. It's sounds like an order but he knows it's a plea. He *wants* Steve just as badly, if not *more* so.

Especially now that he's had a taste of just how *good* the sex would be.

For a moment, he thinks the Golden Boy is going to say yes. He's going to give in and they'd spend the few remaining hours before sunrise screwing each other silly. They'd wind up tangled in crisp, white sheets, sticky with come and lube, exhausted but sated.

Just as the mental picture develops, he sees disappointment flicker over Steve's face. Souring his smile.

"Nancy will wonder where I am." He says quietly.

And *oh*.

Right.

Billy feels his body go *tight* as he remembers that Steve isn't alone. He isn't even *single*. His girlfriend is waiting for him back in his room, probably wondering if he'd been jumped on his stupid late-night run.

"Yeah." Billy agrees nonchalantly, nodding like he doesn't *really* feel a stab of loss in his gut.

"I want to." Steve's big brown eyes are so *freaking* warm when Billy dares to meet them. And he melts under their glow. "I would, in a heartbeat."

"Sure." Billy smirks, goes for casual but he knows he's blushing. Like a *dork*. "I get it, Harrington." He bends, plucks his bottle of champagne off the floor and takes a swig. "Rain check."

Steve steps back, sighs like he's been defeated.

Which, again, is thoroughly *ironic* for a six-time world champion.

"Rain check." The guy repeats numbly.

Billy salutes with two fingers, pushing his weight off the wall to propel himself down the hall. Come cooling on his thigh, he can't help thinking he's too sober.

**Author's Note:**

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